

ARTIST PUTS AWAY HIS WIFE

1. 1990年1月1日至1990年12月31日止，共发生多少起？

On one side, there is the fact that the system is not a failure—there are many people who are still using it. On the other side, there is the fact that the system is not a success—there are many people who are still using it.

Fortland Plans Earth The actor, who is the son of the late Gen. Fortland F. Russ, the hotel man, will come down to stay from his country place outside of Monroe, Orange county, N. Y., to his godfather for all time to his wife and son, who are to sail tomorrow on the Holland-American flag steamer Nyndam. With Mr. East will come his son, George, a child, and his brother, John.

Mr. Earle says that he is acting on his own convictions. Conditions over which he and his wife have lost all control make them happier apart. This has been agreed to by both of them. The woman whom he is inclined to wed has been living in his home for some days past entirely by his wife's consent, and all will part the best of friends, he says Mr. Earle.

The artist maintains that his scheme of

He also says he is a Socialist, but that his determination to part with his wife and wed another woman under conditions of mutual agreement was not evolved from the teachings of Socialism, but from his own conception of a man's duty to himself. He is not a believer in free love, but in the freedom of love when its dictates run counter to the formal precepts laid down by society.

A reporter of THE SUN saw Mr. Earle

and his wife at their home on the *estate*, a mile outside of Monroe, last night, and both of them told the story of how they had agreed to separate. The woman who is to be the second Mrs. Earle after the divorce sat upstairs and took no part in the conversation.

"I believe that my affairs are nobody else's property," said he, "but I know that when some one does something that runs

counter to conventions people will talk and the more they talk the more distorted the story grows. So I believe it is best that I give up what is really mine—the knowledge of my private affairs—in the best

The artist sat under the shadow of a heavy lampshade and kept his eyes covered with his hand. Occasionally he paused and the words came haltingly.

"Less than ten years ago, when I was studying art in Paris, I married a French woman. She was very dear to me; she is, yet, but in another way. I had all that I seemed to need—my art, a wife and plenty to live on. We were very happy.

"We came over here to live several years ago, out here in the country, where we could be alone and undisturbed. We were at

happy and more so yet when a son was born to us. But soon something began to arise between us. I cannot explain. Call it incompatibility of temper, conflict of ideals, what you may. Those things cannot be explained. Maybe I was cruel— who knows?

“This state of affairs grew continuously

we both felt it and said nothing. Because we said nothing things got worse, of course. The manlier way would have been to come right out and talk it over. You see, I am an artist and have an artistic temperament. I see things differently from other folk, maybe; differently from my wife. I was an academically talented, self-indulgent

"For two years I have been working on a poem of seven connected sonnets explaining my views on marriage. I believe that we are married before we are born through heaven directed affinities and that marriage continues after our death. Believing this, I came to see that my wife was not my affinity.

part of each of us made it doubly hard to take the logical step—"The artist paused and choked back a sob. "Whatever interests husband and wife may have that are

"But constantly I believed more and more that a man and a woman are in torment when they are not affinities. I found that the laws of convention that make a man and his wife live together for the sake of homogeneity when they are doing so in

absolute violation of every dictate of their own hearts were not to be abided.

"A few months ago I went to Europe to attend the deathbed of a brother. On the steamer I met a young woman who lives in Bethlehem, Pa. She was a Socialist like myself. Like me she believed not in free love, but the freedom of love when it opposes the dictates of social proprieties. We talked over these matters. I had previously talked with many advocates of free

love and condemned their ideals. But love that is trammelled by the absurd/conventions of society should break its bonds.

"This young woman and I saw much of each other in France. We became attached. We realised that our marriage had been foreordained before our births and was to continue forever.

"When this knowledge came to us I went to my wife's father in France and told him the whole situation. I said that I wanted to

send his daughter home to him, for both of us realized that we were not suited to each other. I told him that I did so in all kindness both to her and to myself. He saw my point of view. We consulted a lawyer, and the divorce was arranged. When I left France he gave me an alms:

"I did this thing without the knowledge of my wife. When I returned I told her of the step I had taken and after a while she was persuaded that it was for the best. Then the woman who was my real affinity came up here to meet my wife.

"She came not as an interloper but as a friend. She came perfectly ready to renounce me if my wife insisted upon it. Her mother came with her and later her

mother's return to Bethshem. We have
all lived under the same roof since as

